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My.

My Name is

MARY

MARCELT FRY



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Book F923

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My NAME Is MARY



*Three wise old men had seen a new star in the
East and followed it to Bethlehem*

My Name Is
MARY

By

MARGARET FRY

Drawings by

CHRISTINE CHISHOLM



THOMAS S. ROCKWELL COMPANY
CHICAGO

1930

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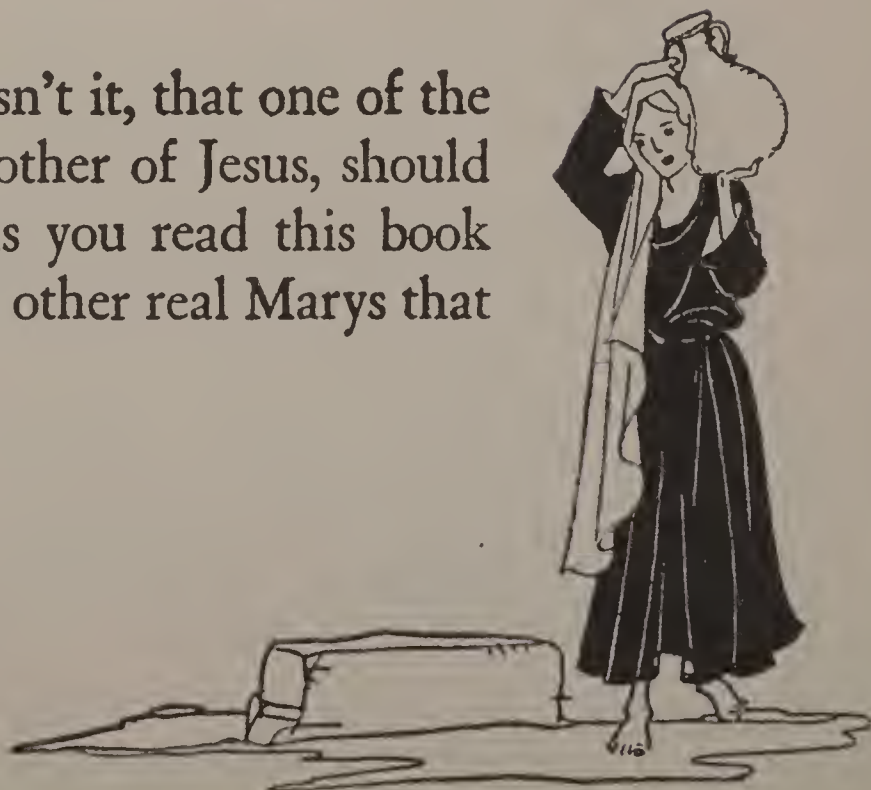
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TO ALL THE MARYS WHO READ THIS BOOK

SINCE this is a book for all little girls named Mary, perhaps I had better tell you first of all what Mary means. Probably you have never thought about your name having a meaning; but most names do, especially the names that are old, and Mary is one of the oldest names we know.

Mary comes from the Hebrew language which is very old indeed. And to the ancient Hebrews the name Mary had a special meaning: *exalted*. Exalted means glorified, dignified, and refined. What a wonderful meaning for a name and how proud you should be that it is your own!

It seems just right, doesn't it, that one of the first Marys, the lovely mother of Jesus, should have had that name. As you read this book you will learn about some other real Marys that



were fine and beautiful girls and women: the brave and beautiful Mary, Queen of Scots; the little pilgrim, Mary Chilton; the wise Mary Washington; and Mary Lincoln.

All the stories are not about real Marys, of course. It is nice that the Marys got into nursery rhymes and poems and ballads and into make-believe and fairy stories, too. In this book you will find stories of Marys from many different lands.

But whether real or make-believe, these Marys are some that I hope you will like to read about over and over again. And while you are reading, I hope that you will not forget that when Father and Mother named you Mary they chose for you one of the finest names in the world.

MARGARET FRY.



THE PIXIES

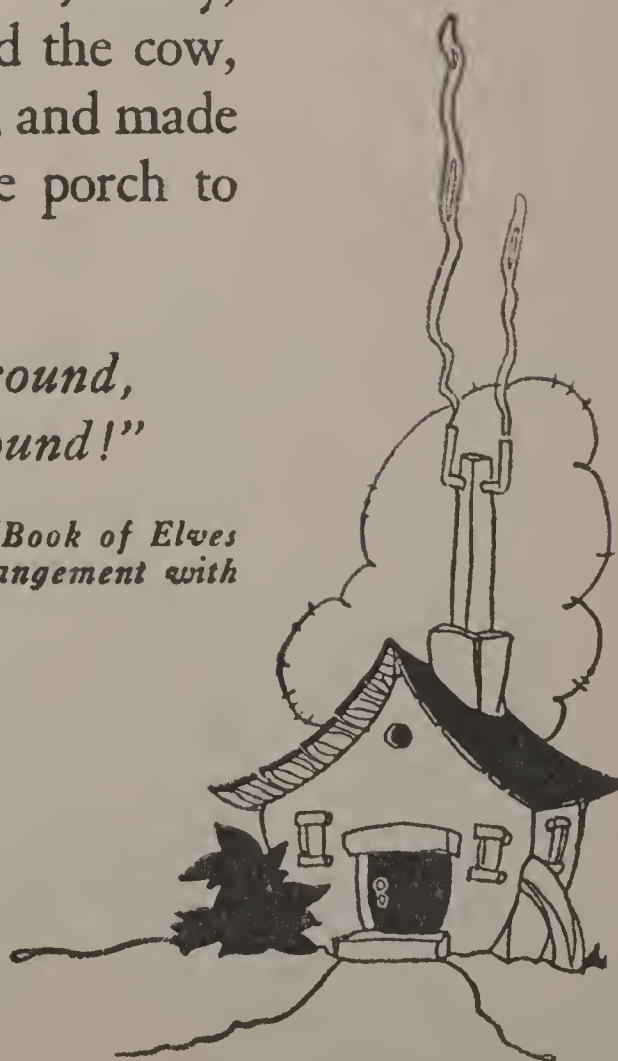
A STORY FROM ENGLAND*

THERE was once a little cottage in the middle of a flower garden. Its walls were covered with roses, and its porch was twined with clematis. The bees buzzed over the flowers and the butterflies fluttered about the porch. And a hundred little green Pixies lived in the wood nearby.

In this cottage two orphan sisters dwelt all alone. One morning the elder sister, Mary, got up at break of day. She milked the cow, churned the butter, swept the hearth, and made the breakfast. Then she sat on the porch to spin, and sang:

*"How merrily the wheel goes round,
With a whirring, humming sound!"*

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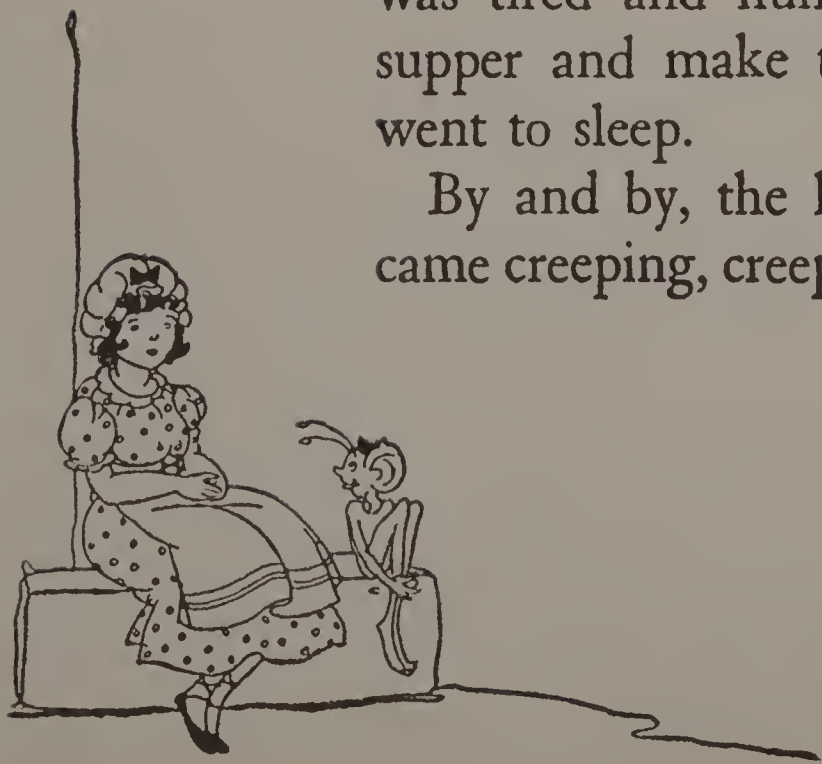
But the younger sister, Alice, lay in bed asleep. Then Mary put her spinning aside, and called aloud:

“Wake, Alice, wake! There is much for you to do while I go to the market-town. I must sell our yarn, and buy your new dress. While I am gone, don’t forget to bring in the firewood, drain the honey-comb, and fill the Pixies’ water-pail.”

But Alice did not answer. So Mary put on her hood and took her basket full of yarn. She walked all the way to the market-town and sold her yarn, and bought the new dress. Then she walked home again.

The sun had set when she reached the cottage, and Alice was sitting idle on the porch. The honey-comb was not drained, the firewood was not brought in, the bed was not made, and the supper was uncooked. And although Mary was tired and hungry, she had to cook the supper and make the bed. Then the sisters went to sleep.

By and by, the hundred little green Pixies came creeping, creeping into the kitchen. They



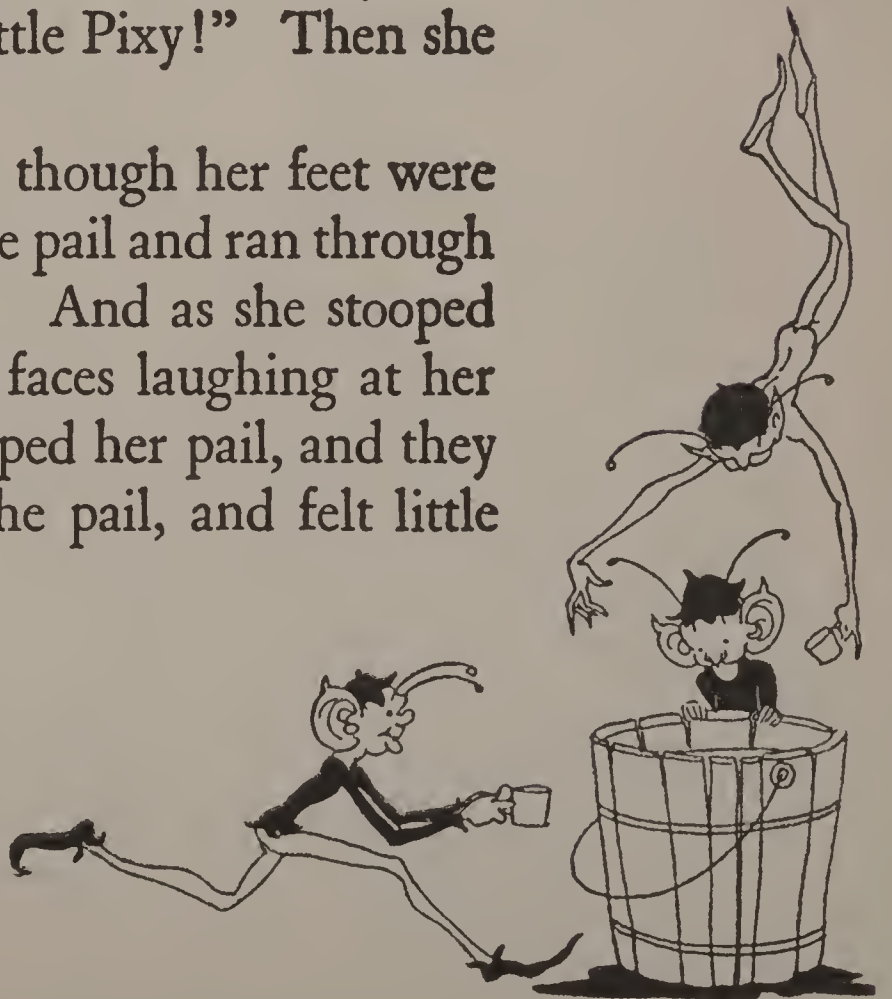
pattered softly about and whispered so that the sisters could not hear them. Some ran to the spinning-wheel and began to spin, others built a fire under the oven, and mixed and kneaded the bread. One took a broom and swept the floor, and another brought in the firewood.

When all the yarn was spun, the bread baked, and the kitchen tidy, the Pixies ran to the water-pail to get a drink. But there was not a drop of water in it! And, oh! how angry they all were!

Then Mary awoke, and cried: "Alice! Alice! Don't you hear those angry buzzings? Surely you did not forget to fill the Pixies' waterpail!"

But Alice answered: "I did not draw the water today. And I will not leave my bed now to fetch it for any little Pixy!" Then she went back to sleep again.

But Mary got up, and, though her feet were tired and sore, she took the pail and ran through the garden to the spring. And as she stooped she saw a hundred little faces laughing at her from the water. She dipped her pail, and they were gone. She lifted the pail, and felt little



hands seize it and bear it along. It was carried to the door, and into the kitchen, and set down by the hearth. But she could see no one, so she went to bed again.

The next morning early, Mary got up. She ran to the pail and looked into it. Then she clapped her hands and called:

“Come, Alice, come! See the silver pennies shining at the bottom of the clear water! There must be at least a hundred of them! Come, sister, dear!”

Then Alice, waking, tried to sit up. But she screamed with fright, for she could not move her hands and feet. Indeed, she could not rise at all! And that day, and the next, and for many days after, she lay helpless on her bed, and Mary fed and comforted her.

And every night the hundred little green Pixies came creeping, creeping into the kitchen. They swept, they baked, they sewed, they spun, and they drank from Mary’s water-pail. And every night they left one piece of silver there.

And so a whole year passed, and Alice lay and thought, and thought, and thought about



her idle ways. And one night she called Mary to her, and wept and said:

“Oh, sister, if only I could get up tomorrow, and feel the warm sunshine and play among the flowers! And if only I were strong enough to work for you, as you have worked for me!”

And Mary kissed and comforted her.

The next morning came, and Mary got up at break of day. She ran and looked into the pail. Then she clapped her hands and said:

“Come, Alice, come! See the silver pennies shining at the bottom of the clear water! There must be a hundred of them! Come, sister!”

And Alice forgot that she could not move. She sprang lightly out of bed and ran into the kitchen. And she was all well and happy again!

And oh, how glad the sisters were! How they kissed each other and laughed with joy! They milked the cow, and churned, and baked, and cooked and sat spinning on the porch. And the bees buzzed, and the butterflies fluttered, and the sisters sang:

*“How merrily the wheels go round,
With a whirring, humming sound!”*



THE MOTHER OF THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY

WHO has not heard of George Washington? We call him the “father of his country” and we all know that he was the first president of the United States. But did you know that his mother’s name was Mary?

Mary Ball, for that was her name, was left an orphan when she was only twelve years old. She was a little American girl, born in Virginia, but when her parents died one of her father’s friends became her guardian. His name was George Eskridge, and he lived most of the time in England.

The story of how Mary happened to be married is this: Mary, then a pretty young lady, was living with her guardian at his home in England. One day on the road that passed the big house there was an accident and a young



American gentleman was hurt. He was taken to the nearest house, the one where Mary Ball was living, and Mary helped to nurse him until he was well again. The two young people fell in love and soon they were married. The young man's name was Augustine Washington, so Mary Ball became Mary Washington and went back to America to live.

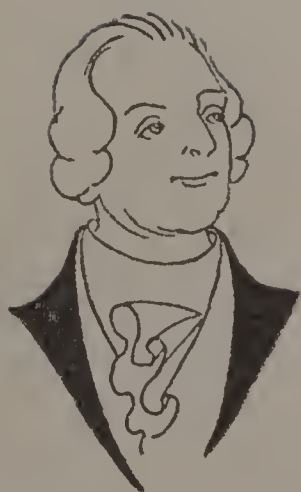
It was at their home in Virginia that their first baby was born, a little boy. And Mary, thinking of the kind guardian who had cared for her, named the little boy George. George did not grow up alone, for he had five brothers and sisters. It was a busy and a happy home, for even the smallest children were taught their lessons and how the work of the big house and farm should be done.

Mary Washington was a kind and a wise mother and she knew that all her children would be happier if they learned how to study and work while they were little. Sometimes they may have thought she was a stern mother, too, for they had to be obedient to the slightest word of their teachers and parents, and they



were taught quite strictly not to speak while grown-ups were talking.

Mary's husband died when George was about twelve years old. And from that time on Mary was a busy mother indeed. Six children, the big house in which they lived, and the many farms that surrounded it—all of this she had to look after, so her hands were busy from morning until night. She had to visit the fields to see how the crops were growing and if the work was being done well. She watched the gardens, and the fences and the barns, and the negro homes. After the cotton was picked it had to be spun and woven into cloth. She had to measure out the sugar and flour and molasses and vinegar. There were vegetables and fruits to be dried or canned, bacon and ham to be cured, butter and cheese to be made. Even the candles used to light her home had to be made. She was even the doctor and druggist and nurse for her family and the people that worked for her. Probably Mary Washington never had any time to sit with her hands folded in her lap,



except on Sunday when she always went to church with the family.

One by one her children grew up and were married. You have heard of some of the things that happened to George and how he finally came to be at the head of the whole American army during the Revolutionary war. After that he became president, but he always loved the mother who had cared for him, helped teach him his lessons, and taught him to work hard, be kind, and love God.

More than once he said, "All that I am, I owe to my mother." That must have repaid Mary Washington many times for her many years of hard work.

As she grew older he grew busier, for being the first president of a new country was not easy; but he always had time to think of her, to see that she had the things she wanted, and to visit her as often as he could.

When Mary Washington died, an old lady, she was buried in a pretty place that she had chosen near her home. The whole country mourned, but it was not until almost a hundred



years later that the beautiful monument that had been planned for her grave was built. And then it was built by the Marys of the country. Every woman and girl whose name was Mary was asked to give some money, no matter how much or how little, to pay for the monument and to keep the ground beautiful around it.

There it stands today, so that we can never forget that the mother of the great George Washington was named Mary.



THE GOLD BREAD

A TALE TOLD TO LITTLE HUNGARIAN MARYS*

ONCE upon a time there was a poor widow who had a beautiful daughter named Marienka. The mother was modest and humble, but Marienka was vain and proud. She felt that she was much better and wiser than her own mother and she would never listen to her mother, nor take her advice.

As Marienka grew older, suitors came from many lands to ask her mother if they might marry Marienka. But no one satisfied the proud girl, and the more they tried to please her, the more she scorned them. She refused each one in turn and sent them all away.

One night the poor mother lay awake praying for Marienka. She could not sleep, for she was worried about her wilful daughter. Mari-

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enka was sound asleep by her side. As the mother gazed lovingly at her beautiful daughter, suddenly Marienka laughed in her sleep.

"She must be very happy to laugh in her dreams in this way," said her mother.

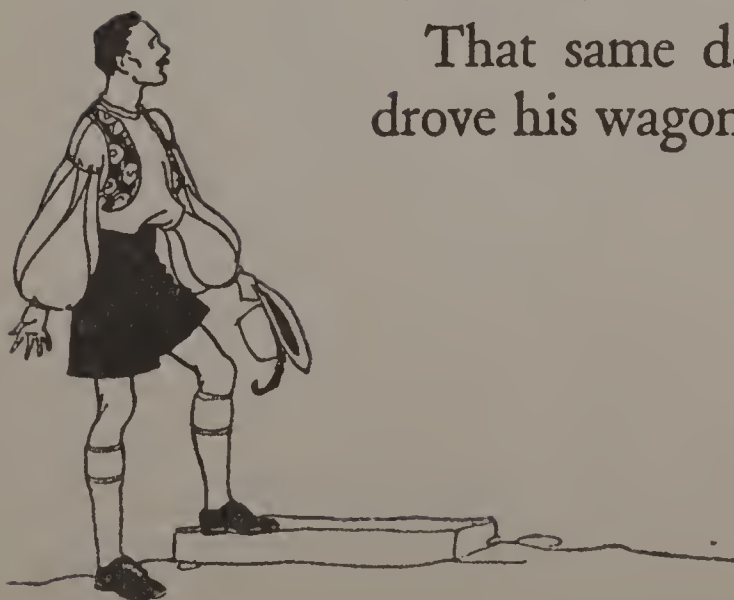
When morning came, the mother said, "My dear child, what did you dream in the night? I heard you laughing in your sleep and I knew that your dream was a happy one."

"Indeed it was a happy dream!" answered Marienka, as she threw her head back proudly: "I dreamed that a nobleman came here for me in a copper coach. On my finger he put a ring set with a large diamond sparkling like the stars in the sky. He took me to the church and made me his wife, while all the people looked at me in envy."

"My daughter, my daughter!" said the mother. "That was a very proud dream, but it will never come true."

"Oh, I don't know about that," answered Marienka. "We shall see! We shall see!"

That same day a handsome young farmer drove his wagon into the yard. He had a nice



home and was in good circumstances. "Will you share a peasant's bread with me and be my wife?" he humbly asked the haughty Marienka.

But Marienka tossed her head and answered: "Though you should come in a copper coach and put a ring on my finger set with a bright stone that sparkles like the stars in the sky, I would never have you for a husband!"

The young farmer was so angry with the rude girl that he drove away in haste.

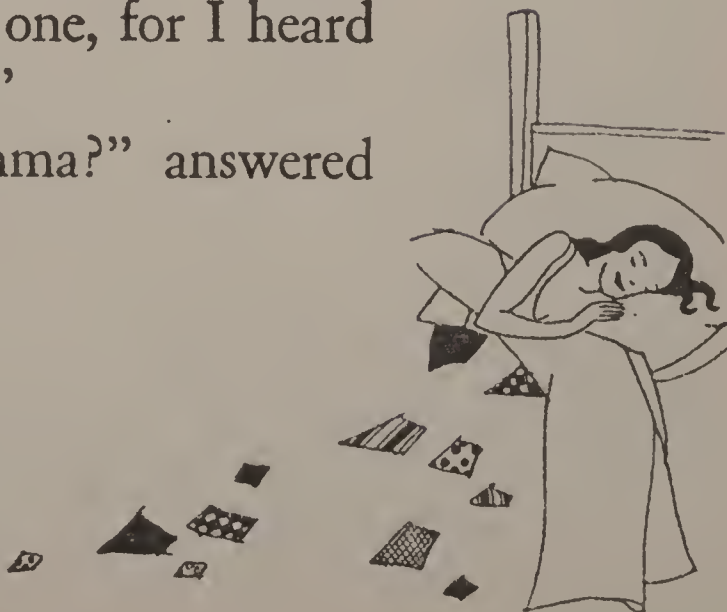
"Oh, my daughter, my daughter!" moaned the mother. "You should never speak like that; no one will ever wed you."

The next night the mother was again praying for her haughty daughter, when again Marienka suddenly laughed aloud in her sleep.

"I wonder what she is dreaming now," said the poor mother to herself, for she was so worried that she could not sleep.

"My dear child," she said the next morning, "What did you dream last night? I am sure that your dream was a happy one, for I heard you laugh aloud in your sleep."

"What did I dream, Mamma?" answered



the haughty girl. "I dreamed that a nobleman came in a silver coach, and he placed a golden diadem on my head and took me to the church and made me his wife, and all the people looked at me in envy."

"My daughter, my poor daughter," said the mother, "that was a proud dream but it will never come true."

"We shall see! We shall see!" mocked Marienka as she ran out of the room.

That same day a beautiful carriage drove into the yard and a handsome young nobleman came to call upon Marienka.

"Will you share a nobleman's bread and be my wife?" he asked.

"It is truly a great honor, sir!" murmured the delighted mother. But the haughty Marienka tossed her head high in the air and answered, "Though you should come in a silver coach and put a golden diadem upon my head, I would not have you for a husband!"

The nobleman was very angry. A dark scowl came across his face; he would not even answer the haughty girl, but drove away at once.



Marienka gave a mocking laugh, but her poor mother called out in despair, "Oh, Marienka, Marienka, take care, take care, my child! Such pride is the device of the Evil One!"

"Mothers never know what they are saying!" said Marienka, as she went on shrugging her pretty shoulders.

The third night the poor mother could not sleep at all, she was so anxious about her wilful child. Suddenly, Marienka burst out in a loud fit of laughter. "What can my poor child be dreaming now?" said the mother. She was so worried that she lay awake until morning, praying for her proud daughter.

"My dear child," said she in the morning, "what did you dream last night?"

"You will only be cross with me if I do tell you, and scold me," said the saucy girl.

"No, no!" said the mother. "Only tell me, my child."

"Well, I dreamed that a noble lord, with many knights and pages in attendance, came to call upon me. He was in a golden coach and he brought a bridal robe of golden lace.



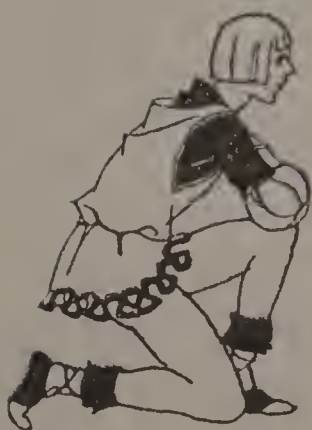
He took me to the church and all the people looked at me in envy!"

The poor mother clasped her hands in agony, while the proud Marienka ran from the room before her mother could say a word.

The same day three coaches drove into the yard. One was of copper and was drawn by two white horses; one was of silver and was drawn by four white horses, and the third was of gold and was drawn by eight white horses. These horses were covered with velvet blankets and the harness was set with gold and pearls and rubies. From the copper and silver coaches alighted pages dressed in red trousers with green velvet jackets and cloaks, while from the golden coach stepped a handsome nobleman dressed all in gold.

As soon as he came into the house he knelt before the mother and said, "May I ask for the hand of your daughter, the beautiful Marienka, of whom I have heard so much?"

"What an honor!" gasped the mother. "Certainly, Sir Knight, you may wed my daughter. If it pleases her it will please me."



"You are the nobleman of my dreams," answered Marienka. "Most certainly I will wed you at once. There, you see, Mother, you were wrong as usual about my dreams, and I was right. My dreams have come true, as I said!"

Marienka ran to her room and tied a betrothal knot, which she offered to the handsome lord as a pledge of her faith. He on his part put on her finger a beautiful ring set with a large diamond that sparkled like the stars in the sky. He placed upon her head a diadem of gold and gave her a gown all made of golden lace.

The haughty girl never thanked the nobleman for his gifts. She just repeated: "All my dreams have come true! I knew they would!" Then she ran from the room to dress.

The poor mother was so anxious for the happiness of her haughty daughter that she said to the bridegroom, "My good sir, I did not hear you say, but may I ask what bread do you offer my daughter?"

"In my kingdom," answered the nobleman in a stern voice, "the bread is of copper, and silver and gold; she can take her choice."

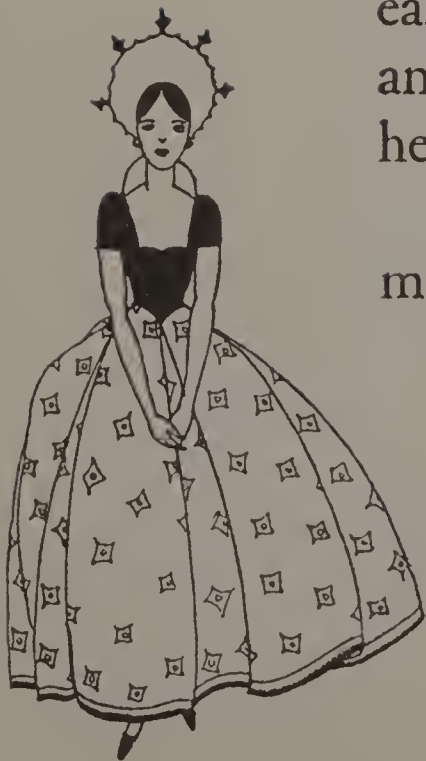


“What does this mean?” gasped the frightened mother; but Marienka felt no fear. Dressed in her robe of sparkling gold she looked beautiful as the sun, with the golden diadem upon her head and the sparkling ring upon her hand. She took her husband’s arm, and went off to the church with him without even asking her mother’s blessing. The poor woman was left alone to weep and to pray. When the proud Marienka returned from the church, she entered the coach drawn by the eight white horses and, without a farewell to her mother or a last look, she drove rapidly away.

Faster and faster galloped the eight white horses until at last they reached a huge rock in which there was a hole like a great tunnel under the mountain.

It was very dark. The horses plunged and the golden chariot rocked to and fro, while the earth seemed to tremble and the rock cracked and crumbled. In her fright Marienka seized her husband’s hand.

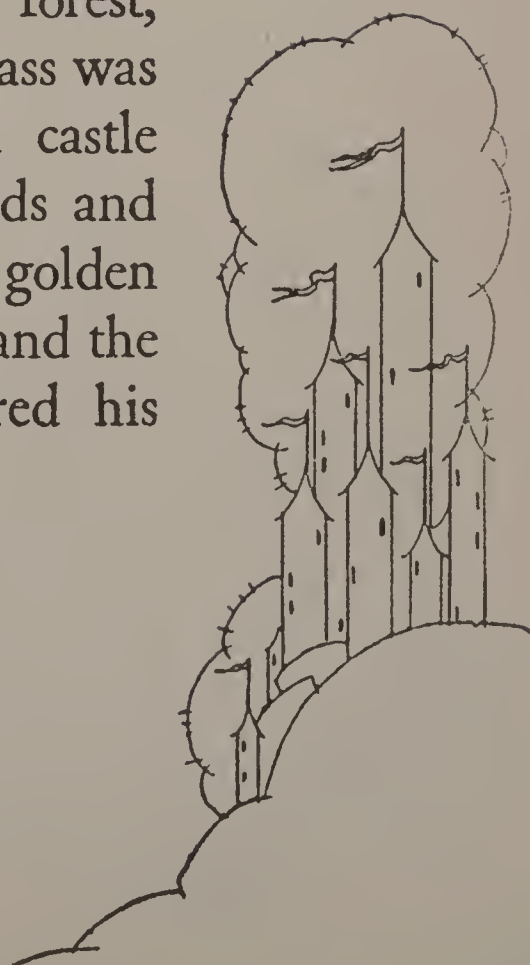
“Do not be alarmed, my fair one, in a moment it will be light.”



All at once thousands of little lights gleamed in the darkness and, as they waved through the air and came nearer and nearer, it began to be bright. The dwarfs of the mountain, each with a torch in his hand, were coming out from the rocks to salute their lord, the King of the Mines, and his beautiful bride. For the first time Marienka heard the name of her husband, but whether he was a spirit of good or evil she did not know and did not care, for he was so very rich that she did not regret her choice.

They soon drove out from the dark, rocky, tunnel and went over the mountains that were bleak and gloomy, and through dark forests. As Marienka looked closely at the trees, she saw that they were all of lead.

When they reached the end of the forest, they came upon a meadow where the grass was all silver, Marienka saw a wonderful castle made of gold and inlaid with diamonds and rubies, sapphires and emeralds. The golden coach stopped before the golden castle, and the King of the Mines alighted and offered his hand to the bride.



“My fair one,” he said, “all that you see is your very own.”

Marienka was so proud and so happy to possess all of this splendor that she murmured to herself, “My dreams, my dreams, all my beautiful dreams have come true!”

After such a long journey they were, of course, all hungry. Marienka was delighted to see the mountain dwarfs bring in a table which glittered with gold, silver and many precious stones. The food was wonderful to look upon—roasts of gold served on silver trays; salads made all of emeralds; grapes which were of sapphires and amethysts; apples and cherries of garnets and rubies. Every one seemed to enjoy the dinner very much and all ate heartily except the poor bride, who begged her husband for a bite of bread.

“Bring the copper bread!” said the King of the Mines.

Marienka could not eat it.

“Bring the silver bread!” the King then commanded the dwarfs.

Marienka could not eat it.



"Bring the gold bread!" said he.

Marienka could not eat it.

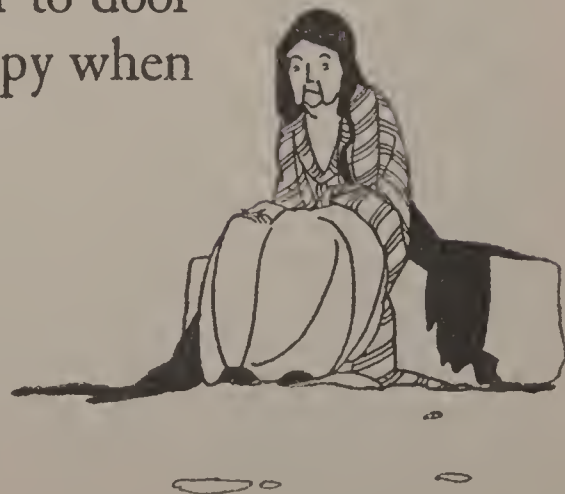
"My fair one," said the King of the Mines, "in this kingdom we have no other bread. What can we offer you? As you see, our bread is of copper or silver or gold!"

The poor bride burst into tears, at which her husband laughed both loud and long, for you must know that his heart was of metal like the things in his kingdom.

"Weep, weep and wail all that you like," he said in a mocking voice, "it will do you no good to weep. Your wish has been answered. You possess all the riches of your dreams; now eat the bread that you have chosen."

Thus the poor Marienka lived in her castle of gold surrounded by riches and always tortured by hunger.

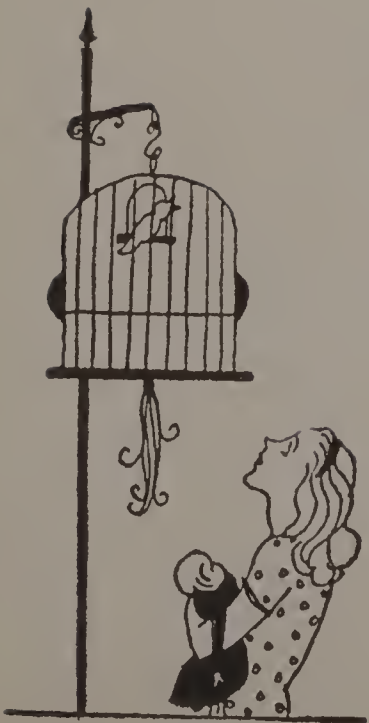
They say that three days in the year—the "Rogation Days"—when the ground opens to receive the rain, Marienka is allowed to come back to the earth. Dressed all in rags, old and ugly and wrinkled, she goes from door to door begging for a bite of bread. She is happy when



a few crusts are thrown out to her, for she receives as alms from the poor what she can never receive in her palace of gold—a little bread and a little pity.

MARY'S CANARY

*Mary had a pretty bird,
Feathers bright and yellow;
Slender legs—upon my word,
He was a pretty fellow.
The sweetest note he always sung,
Which much delighted Mary;
She often, where the cage was hung
Sat hearing her canary.*



MARYLAND

DID any of you ever wonder how the state of Maryland got its name? Perhaps most of you never thought about it before. But we can be proud that the state was named after a Mary. Her whole name was Henrietta Marie, for she was the sister of the King of France. Marie, as you know, is the French name for Mary.

Henrietta Marie married King Charles of England. And so, when Lord Baltimore led a little group of people to a settlement far south of Plymouth where the pilgrims had settled, he thought it only proper that the place should be called Maryland in honor of the Queen of England. Maryland was settled just fourteen years after little Mary Chilton landed at Plymouth. It is something to remember that the Marys got a very early start in this country.



LITTLE ROAST PIG

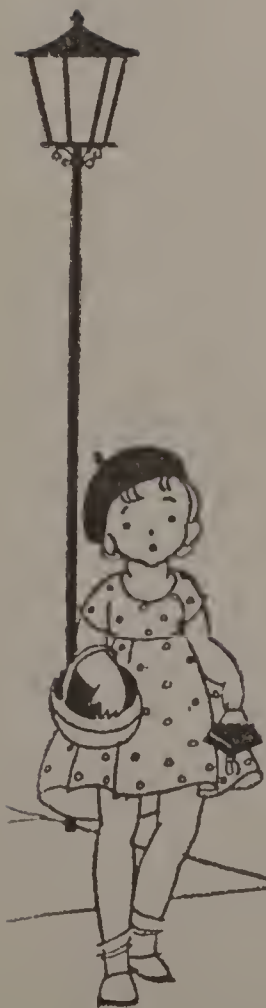
AN AMERICAN STORY*

MARY ELLEN thought that never, even when the country fair was held in the green country from which she and all the family had just come, had she ever seen anything so wonderful as the big city market.

It was a great red brick building, and it stood not so very far from the great yellow brick building, on the top floor of which Mary Ellen and all the family now lived. The very first day after they were settled Mother, with a large basket, and Mary Ellen, with a little basket, went over to the city market to buy some food.

Oh, and there they saw the Butter-and-Eggs man, dressed all in white, who stood behind a toy-sized farm house and served his customers

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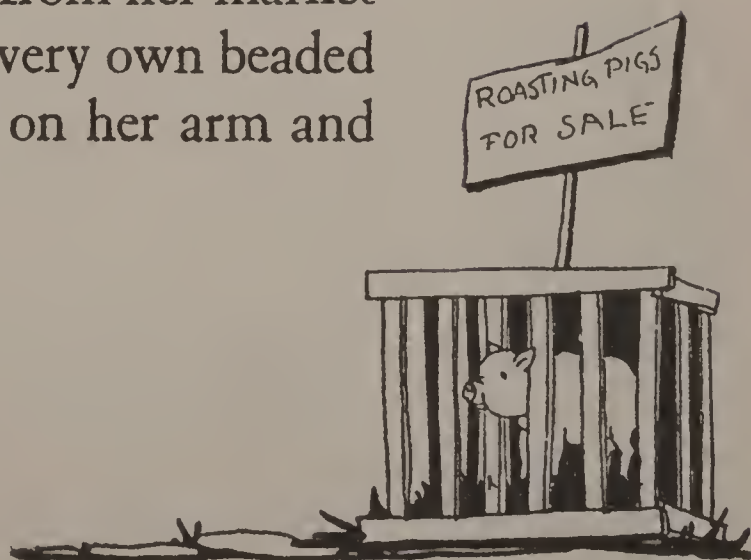


with pats of yellow butter and even with combs of dripping golden honey. The Fruit-and-Vegetables man, with a gay red handkerchief about his neck, stood among piles of apples and oranges and heads of lettuce and red beets and green peas and beans.

There was a Baker man and an Oyster man. The entire market was draped gaily with festoons of colored paper and greens. Before she realized it, Mary Ellen was separated in the crowd from Mother, but she did not wait to be frightened because she was lost. She had stopped in front of the Butcher man's counter, and there she sorrowfully read a sign:

"Roasting Pigs For Sale."

Then Mary Ellen laughed, for she heard a merry little squeal. There in a crate under the Butcher man's counter, was a small pink pig. He might easily have been one of the small pink pigs from the big pig-pen at Mary Ellen's farm in the country. She bent over Little Roast Pig and gave him a rosy apple from her market basket. Then she opened her very own beaded purse that hung from a chain on her arm and

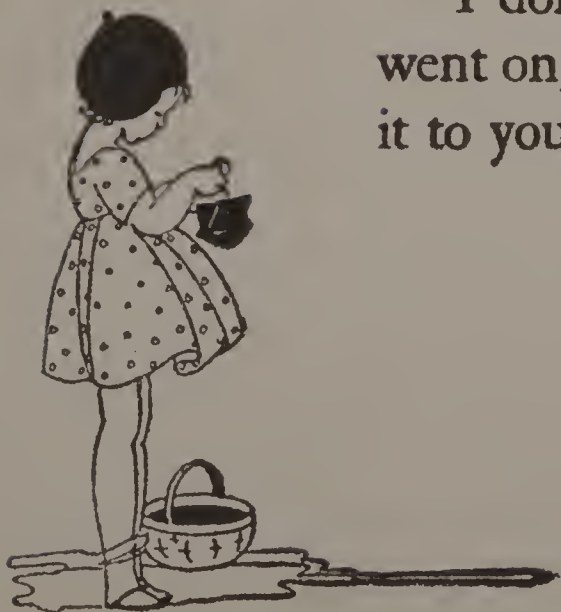


counted the money in it. Mary Ellen did not really need to count the money in the beaded purse, for she knew exactly how much there was. She always carried the purse when she went out, so as to be sure that all that money which she had been saving in it for ever so long was safe. There was two dollars, in four shining fifty cent pieces, and Mary Ellen was going to put it in a bank as soon as she and Mother found one near them in the city. But now she had changed her mind. She spoke bravely to the Butcher man:

“Would you sell Little Roast Pig before he is roasted for four bright fifty cent pieces?” Mary Ellen asked.

The Butcher man stopped weighing strings of sausages and looked down at Mary Ellen. She stood in front of him in her country, blue calico dress, and her country hat with a mended rim and faded ribbons, but wearing the sunniest country smile that he had ever seen.

“I don’t think he wants to be roasted,” she went on, “I have all that money, and I will pay it to you for him.”

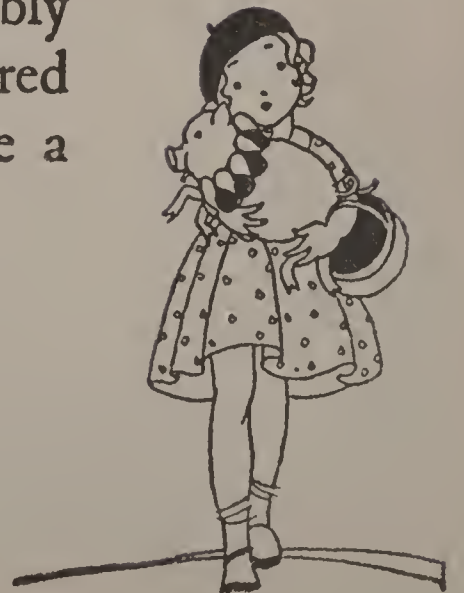


"Well, that is a fair bargain," the Butcher man said, "all your money for a pig that I don't want to keep. I've been thinking just that myself about him, that he wouldn't relish being roasted. He is here only to advertise and there is plenty of business without him. All day long he squeals like that as if he wanted to go home with the children. Here you are," and the Butcher man opened the crate, and set the little pig up on the counter.

Mary Ellen counted out her four bright fifty cent pieces and laid them beside him there on the counter. She was just going to lift him off when the Butcher man had a kind thought. He pulled down some of his red tissue paper festoons and made a ruffled collar for Little Roast Pig, like the ruffs that lords and ladies used to wear.

"There you are," he said, and he put the pig into Mary Ellen's tender arms.

When Mary Ellen discovered that she had strayed away from Mother, she very sensibly went straight home, for she had remembered the way. Mother did not come for quite a



long while, and shortly after she did come, Aunt Jane arrived with the dear baby for whom she had been caring until the family should be quite all settled and ready for him. And before they knew it, it was bed time.

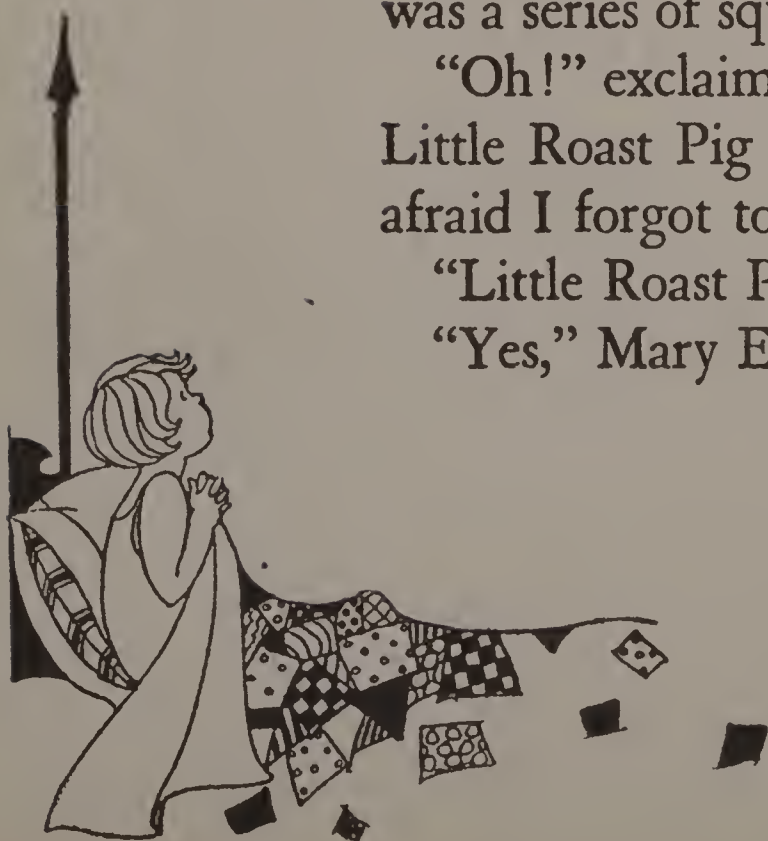
That night, when there were no sounds in the city except the whistling of the tug boats on the river, and when everyone in the great yellow apartment house was asleep, a strange noise awoke the other families who lived on the top floor near Mary Ellen's family. It awoke Mary Ellen and her family also. It was a strange kind of squealing noise and it seemed to come from the high roof.

"Burglars!" everyone cried and they all, including the janitor and Mary Ellen and Mother and Father, went out into the hall to listen. There it came again, that strange sound. It was a series of squeals.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mary Ellen, "that must be Little Roast Pig crying for his supper. I am afraid I forgot to feed him."

"Little Roast Pig?" they all asked.

"Yes," Mary Ellen explained. "A tiny, tiny



live pink pig that I bought at the market with all my money, for I thought that he would rather be bought that way, all nice and wriggly. And when I came home, I put him up on the roof in a packing box for a pen."

How everyone laughed, and then each family found something for the little pig's supper!

In the morning, Mother went over to the market to see if Mary Ellen had paid enough to the Butcher man, and to explain how she had loved all the animals in the country. It was too much, the Butcher man said, and he sent back two of the bright fifty cent pieces to go in the bank. And the best part of it was that Little Roast Pig lived there on the roof of the apartment, and was a Little Pet Pig.



MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

ONCE upon a time in a land across the seas a tiny daughter was born to a King and Queen. They named her Mary.

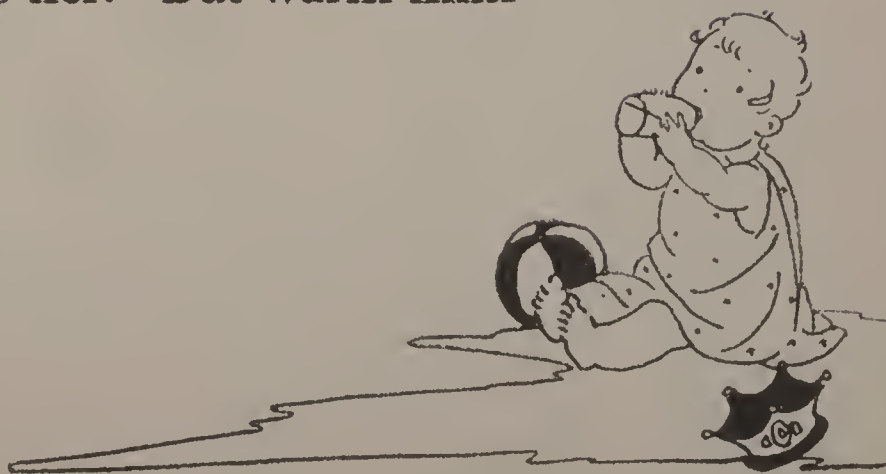
So many wonderful things happened to Mary while she was a baby and a little girl that you might suppose the good fairies were watching over her to make her life a very happy one. But when she grew older the good fairies must have been driven away by the bad, for she spent many unhappy years in prison and was finally put to death.

The strangest thing about this Mary is that she was not a make-believe princess and queen, but a very real baby and little girl and woman. And there were no fairies at all to watch over her. She was Mary, daughter of the king and queen of Scotland, and she was born long ago, in the year 1542.



When the little Princess Mary was still a baby her father, the king, died. And before she could walk even a step and long before she would try to say her first baby words, this tiny little girl was crowned queen of the great land of Scotland.

There were stately processions and blowing of trumpets and loud shouts from the crowds that had come to celebrate the crowning of the new queen. And tiny Mary, frightened by all the noise, which she certainly could not understand, cried and cried. A cardinal dressed in red robes placed a heavy crown on her head. The scepter that her king father had used, and many other kings before him, was placed in her wee hand. Around her baby waist they fastened the huge sword that the kings of Scotland wore to battle. Great lords and ladies knelt before her and kissed her little hand. And poor baby Mary, now a queen, kept right on crying so that her nurse soon had to take her back to her nursery. There she was happy again. Lords and ladies and crowns and swords meant nothing to her. But warm milk



to drink and her own soft bed and her toys—those were the things she knew about.

Strange things did not stop happening to Mary as she grew into a little girl, for when she was not quite six years old she was engaged to be married to a prince, a son of the king of France. And the prince, or Dauphin, as they called him in France, was a year younger than Mary. His name was Francis.

When Mary was six years old she was sent to France to be educated, although she had already learned many things. She could speak French as well as English. She had worked hard at her lessons in history and geography and Latin. And she could embroider and weave tapestry.

Four other little Scotch girls went to play and study with her. Strangely enough they were all named Mary, too. They were Mary Beaton, Mary Livingston, Mary Seton and Mary Fleming. They were never away from her and you can imagine that the five Marys were so busy that they had very little time to get homesick for Scotland.



Little Queen Mary and Dauphin Francis soon grew to love each other, for they played and studied together and had very gay times with the other girls and boys of the French king's court.

When Francis was fifteen and Mary sixteen they were married in the big cathedral called Notre Dame, in Paris. Their wedding sounds like a story out of a fairy book, and surely no fairy princess was ever more lovely than young Queen Mary as she walked into the great church to be married.

She was dressed all in white with a beautiful blue mantle and a train twelve yards long, all covered with pearls. On her head was a crown set with diamonds, rubies, pearls and emeralds, and at her throat she wore the "Great Harry," a wonderful jewel that had belonged to her grandfather. Gold coins were scattered to the crowds of people who had gathered to catch a glimpse of the young bride and groom. And for days after the wedding there were splendid balls and feasting and dancing.

If this were a fairy story, of course, we would



say that young Queen Mary and her prince husband lived happily ever after. But that is not what happened. Before long Francis' father died and Francis became King of France, and Mary became Queen of Scotland and of France.

And then, when Mary was only eighteen years old Francis died, and Mary went back to Scotland with her heart breaking. She had loved her young king very dearly.

From this time on it seemed as though the evil fairies were doing their best to make Mary's life unhappy. But instead of there being evil fairies, there were evil people—jealous lords and noblemen and kings and other queens. Mary married again, and these wicked people, each of them trying to get more power and riches than the other, used even her husband to plot against her.

And so it happened that when Queen Mary was only twenty-five years old—younger even than the mothers of most of the Marys who will read this story—she was put in prison. She spent many sad and terrible years there. But still the scheming noblemen and royal kings



and queens were not satisfied, so finally poor Queen Mary was put to death.

Born a princess, a queen while she was still a tiny baby, and married while she was yet a very young girl, Mary, Queen of Scots, is one of the Marys who will never be forgotten.

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY

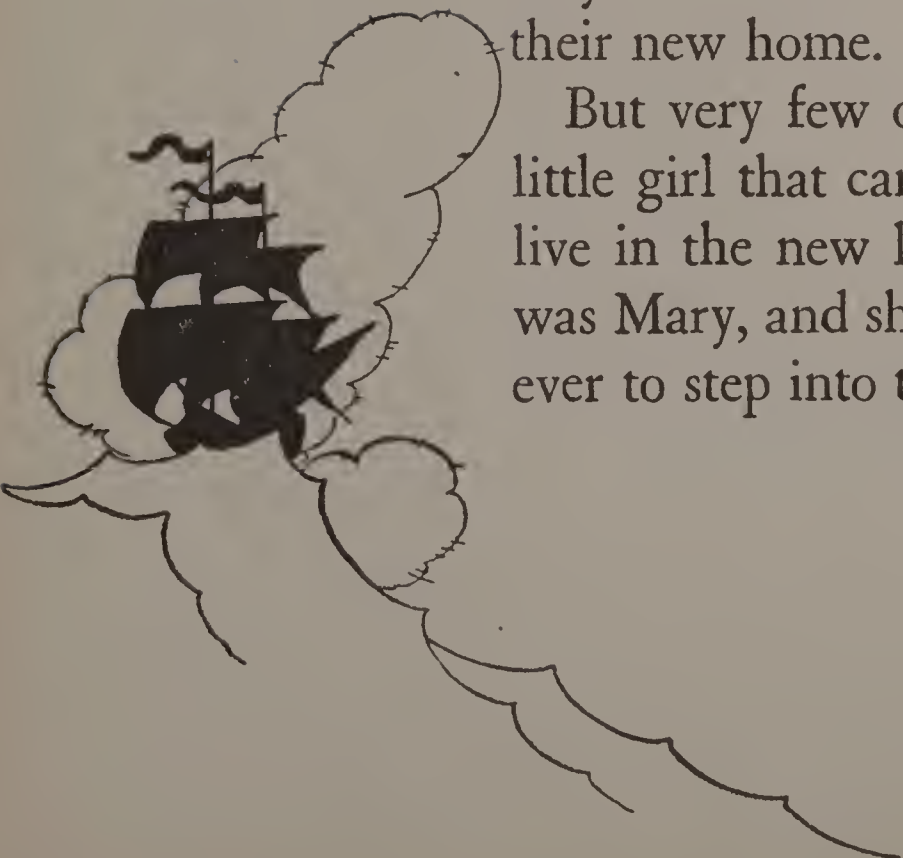
*Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells and silver bells,
And pretty maids all in a row.*



THE FIRST MARY IN AMERICA

MANY stories have been told about the Pilgrims. And all of them tell about the little boat, the Mayflower, which carried them across a stormy ocean from England. Most of the stories tell of the long, long days when nobody knew whether they would ever reach the wonderful new world or not; and how most of the Pilgrim fathers, and the Pilgrim mothers, and the Pilgrim children, too, were sick. They tell about there not being very much to eat, and how they forgot all that when they first saw the distant land that was to be their new home.

But very few of these stories tell about one little girl that came over on the Mayflower to live in the new land of America. Her name was Mary, and she was probably the first Mary ever to step into the new land.



Mary's father's name was James Chilton. Mary had started with her father and mother and the other Puritan families to make a new home in America. None of them knew very much about America, but all of them thought that it was a place where they could start again, build new homes and a church and work and live happily ever after. And they were all brave enough to try.

How glad they all were when after many days the sailors cried "Land Ho!" Even the sick people felt much better. Every one that was well enough to walk came to the deck of the boat to see the new land. There it was. A long line of white beach with trees growing thickly behind it. They thought that all their troubles were over. But it was a long time before the church and homes were built.

Some of the men went ashore the first day to see what the new land was like. When they came back they said that they would have to look for a better place to live. It would be too hard to land even the little boats that the Mayflower had brought with her, and they

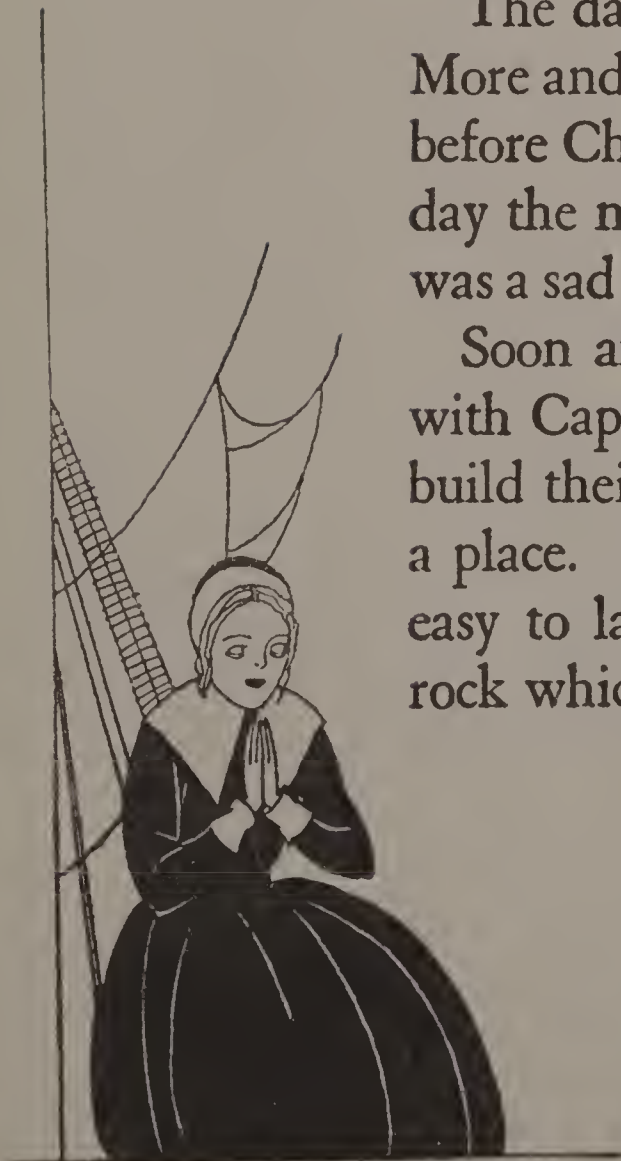


wanted to build their town where there was a harbor that other ships could sail into.

On the second day Mary went with some of the women to shore to help do the washing for the people on the boat. Mary's father was sick and her mother had to stay on the boat to take care of him. So young Mary helped wash the clothing that they had worn during two months on the boat. They washed in the cold water of a pond on the beach. They hung the clothes on the bushes to dry and had a little cold lunch. The men stood by to guard them in case the Indians should come while they were there.

The days that followed were cold and rainy. More and more people got sick. And one week before Christmas Mary's father died. The next day the men took him ashore to bury him. It was a sad beginning of a new life for a little girl.

Soon after this the men who had gone out with Captain Miles Standish to find a place to build their town came back. They had found a place. It was called Plymouth. And it was easy to land the boats there because of a big rock which we now call Plymouth Rock. The

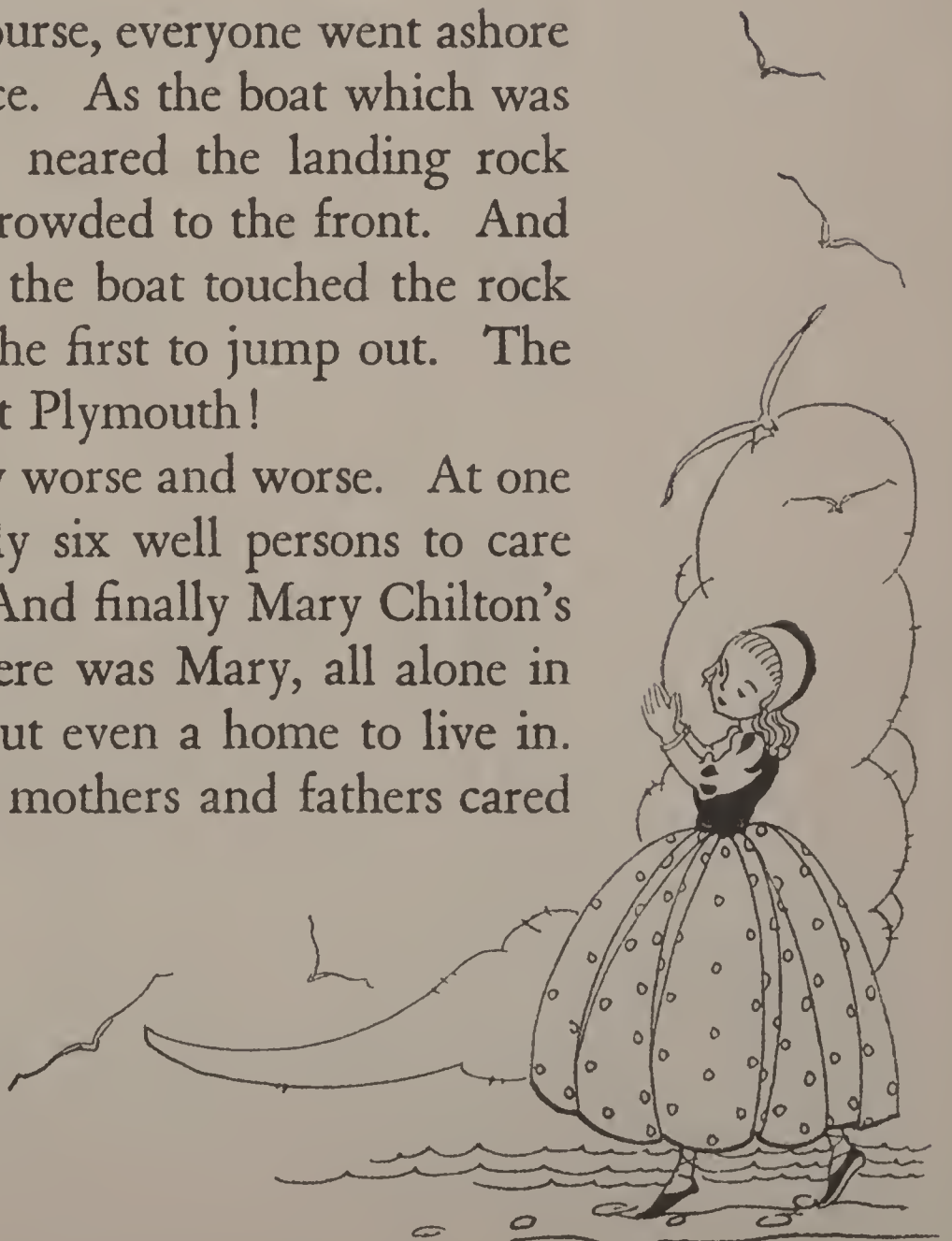


pilgrims called it "landing rock" because they could pull their boats up beside it and jump out on the rock.

All of the men who were not sick went ashore and started work. There was much to do, for they had to cut down the trees they needed to build the houses and church. Even so, they were ready to hold a church service in one of the buildings the third Sunday in January. The roof was still not finished, but none of the pilgrims minded that.

On that day, of course, everyone went ashore for the church service. As the boat which was taking them ashore neared the landing rock all of the children crowded to the front. And it happened that as the boat touched the rock Mary Chilton was the first to jump out. The first Mary to land at Plymouth!

The sickness grew worse and worse. At one time there were only six well persons to care for all the others. And finally Mary Chilton's mother died. So here was Mary, all alone in a new world, without even a home to live in. Of course the other mothers and fathers cared



for her, and when the homes were finally built Mary went to live with a family named Brewster who also came on the Mayflower.

When the Mayflower sailed back to England in April Mary watched it, along with the others. Many of them were sad at seeing the boat go, leaving them in a tiny town, not yet finished, with the savage Indians so very close. But when the Captain asked Mary if she wanted to go back to England, she bravely said no with all the rest.

She was so very busy that she did not have much time to think of the home she had left behind. All day long she helped Mistress Brewster with the housework. She helped take care of the children. She washed clothes in the brook. And she helped prepare herbs and witch-hazel for the doctor to give to sick people. The days went very fast, for every one had lots of work to do, and the fine summer days helped them to forget the terrible winter that had gone before and had caused so much suffering.

And when, in November, they saw another boat coming into Plymouth harbor they were



happier than ever. The boat came from England and brought more people to live in the new land.

It was a very happy time for Mary, for on the boat had come young John Winslow whom Mary had known before and whom she liked better than she would have told. The sad times were over for Mary now. It wasn't long before she and John were married. And we can really say that they lived happily ever after.

John and Mary both worked hard and grew rich together. They had ten children, a big, happy family.

And in the city of Boston today you can see the will that Mary Chilton Winslow made before she died, after a long, happy life. It shows, more than anything else, how her life had changed since the sad days on the Mayflower when she washed clothes in the cold water of the beach. For now she had many things to give away: silver spoons and pewter dishes, rugs, silk dresses and petticoats, aprons, napkins, linen and beds, even a beautiful coat with silver lace.



THE CHILD OF MARY*

A STORY THEY TELL IN NORWAY AND GERMANY

FAR, far from here, in a great forest, there once lived a poor couple. Heaven blessed them with a charming little daughter; but they were so poor they did not know how they were going to get her christened. So her father had to go forth to see whether he could not find a god-father to pay for the child's christening. All day long he searched; but no one wanted to be the god-father.

Toward evening, as he was going home, he met a very lovely lady, who seemed most kind and friendly, and she offered to see that the child was christened, if she might be allowed to keep it afterward. The man replied that first he must ask his wife.

But when he reached home the mother gave

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him a flat "no." The following day the man set out again; but no one wanted to be the god-father if he had to pay for the christening himself, and no matter how hard the man begged, it was all of no avail. When he went home that evening, he again met the lovely lady, and she made him the same offer as before.

The man again told his wife what had happened to him, and added that if he could not find a god-father for his child the following day, they would probably have to let the lady take her, since she seemed to be so kind and friendly. The man then went out for the third time, and found no god-father that day. And so, when he once more met the friendly lady in the evening, he promised to let her have the child if she would see that it was baptized.

The next morning the lady came to the man's hut, and with her were two other men. She then took the child and went to church with it, and it was baptized. The little girl remained with her for several years, and her foster-mother was always good and kind to her.

Now when the girl had grown old enough



to make distinctions, and had acquired some sense, it chanced that her foster-mother once wished to take a journey. "You may go into any room you wish," she said to the girl, "only you are not to go into these three rooms," and then she set out on her journey. But the girl could not resist opening the door to one of the rooms a little way—and swish! out flew a star.

When her foster-mother came home, she was much grieved to find that the star had flown out, and was so annoyed with her foster-child that she threatened to send her away. But the girl pleaded and cried, until at last she was allowed to remain.

After a time the foster-mother wanted to take another journey, and she forbade the girl, above all, to go into the two rooms which, as yet, she had not entered. And the girl promised her that this time she would obey her. But when she had been alone for some time, and had had all sorts of thoughts as to what there might be in the second room, she could no longer resist opening the second door a little way—and swish! out flew the moon. When the foster-



mother returned, and saw the moon had slipped out, she again grieved greatly, and told the girl she could keep her no longer, and that now she must go. But when the girl again began to cry bitterly, and pleaded with such grace that it was impossible to deny her, she was once more allowed to remain.

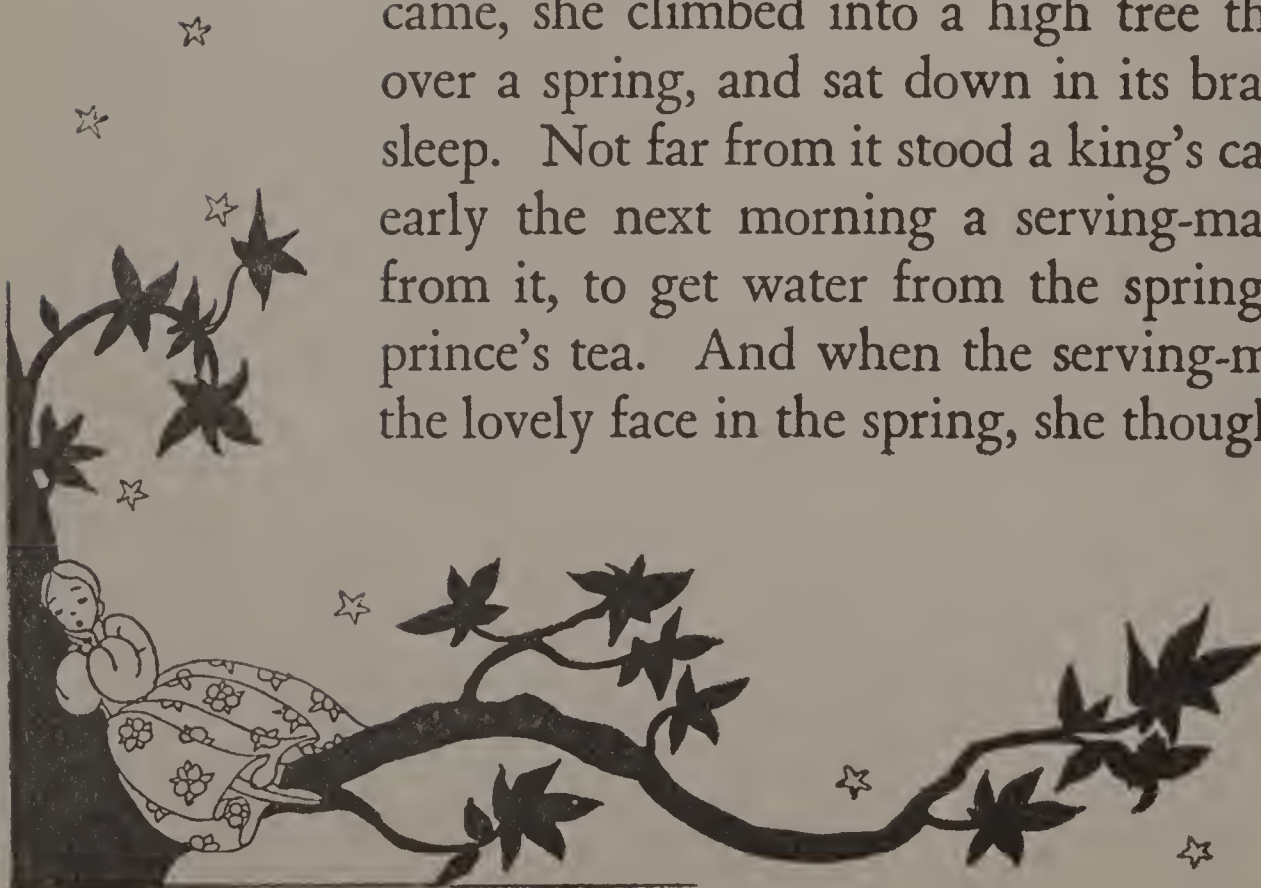
After this the foster-mother wished to take another journey, and she told the girl, who was now more than half-grown, that she must take her request not to go, or even so much as peep into the third room, seriously to heart. But when the foster-mother had been away for some time, and the girl was all alone and bored, she could at last resist no longer. "O," thought she, "how pleasant it would be to take a peep into that third room!" It is true, that at first she thought she would not do it, because of her foster-mother; yet when the thought returned to her, she could not hold back, after all; but decided that she should and must by all means take a peep. So she opened the door the least little bit—and swish! out flew the sun.

When the foster-mother returned, and saw



that the sun had flown out, she grieved, and told the girl that now she could positively stay with her no longer. The foster-daughter cried and pleaded even more touchingly than before; but all to no avail. "No, I must now punish you," said the foster-mother. "But you shall have your choice of either becoming the most beautiful of all maidens, without the power of speech, or the most homely, yet able to talk. But you must leave this place." The girl said: "Then I would rather be the most beautiful of maidens without the power of speech"—and such she became, but from that time on she was dumb.

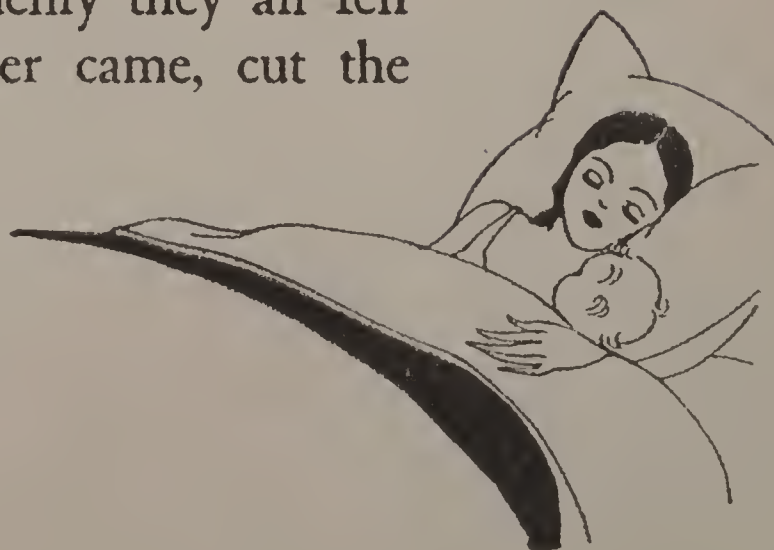
Now when the girl had left her foster-mother, and had wandered for a time, she came to a large wood, and no matter how far she went she could not reach its end. When evening came, she climbed into a high tree that stood over a spring, and sat down in its branches to sleep. Not far from it stood a king's castle, and early the next morning a serving-maid came from it, to get water from the spring for the prince's tea. And when the serving-maid saw the lovely face in the spring, she thought it was



her own. At once she threw down her pail and ran back holding her head high, and saying, "If I am as beautiful as all that, I am too good to carry water in a pail!" Then another was sent to fetch water, but the same thing happened to her; she, too, came back and said she was far too handsome and too good to go to the spring and fetch water for the prince.

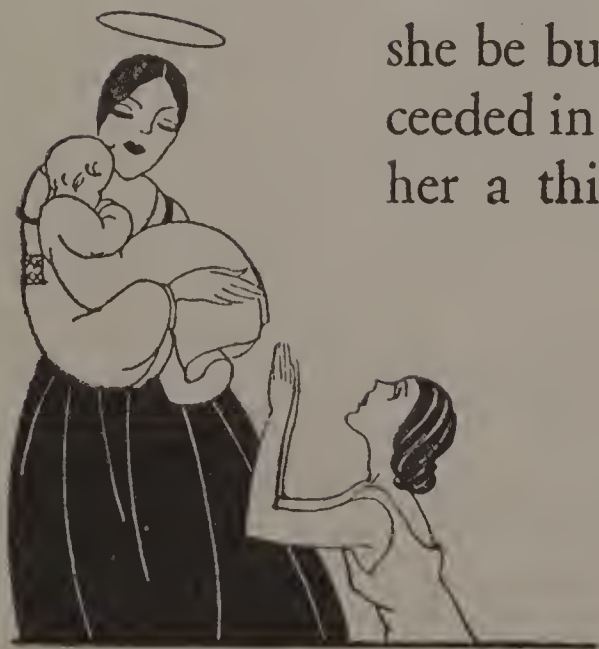
Then the prince went himself, for he wanted to see what it all meant. And when he came to the spring, he also saw the picture, and at once looked up into the tree. And so he saw the lovely maiden who was seated among its branches. He coaxed her down, took her back home with him, and nothing would do but that she must be his bride, because she was so beautiful. But his mother, who was still living, objected: "She cannot speak," said she, "and, maybe, she belongs to the troll-folk." But the prince would not be satisfied until he won her.

When, after a time, heaven bestowed a child upon the young queen, the prince set a guard about her. But suddenly they all fell asleep, and her foster-mother came, cut the



child's little finger, rubbed some of the blood over the mouth and hands of the queen, and said: "Now you shall grieve just as I did when you let the star slip out!" And with that she disappeared with the child. When those whom the prince had set to keep guard opened their eyes again, they thought that the queen had devoured her child, and the old queen wanted to have her burned; but the prince loved her so tenderly, that after much pleading he succeeded in having her saved from punishment, though only with the greatest difficulty.

When heaven gave her a second child, a guard of twice as many men as had first stood watch was again set about her; yet everything happened as before, only that this time the foster-mother said to her: "Now you shall grieve as I did when you let the moon slip out!" The queen wept and pleaded—for when the foster-mother was there she could speak—but without avail. Now the old queen insisted that she be burned. But the prince once more succeeded in begging her free. When heaven gave her a third child, a three-fold guard was set



about her. The foster-mother came while the guard slept, took the child, cut its little finger, and rubbed some of the blood on the queen's mouth. "Now," said she, "you shall grieve just as I did when you let the sun slip out!"

Now the prince could not save her, she was to be and should be burned. But at the very moment when they were leading her to the stake, the foster-mother appeared with all three children; the two older ones she led by hand, the youngest she carried on her arm. She stepped up to the young queen and said: "Here are your children, for now I give them back to you. I am the Virgin Mary, and the grief that you have felt is the same grief that I felt aforesometimes, when you had let the star, the moon and the sun slip out. Now you have been punished for that which you did, and from now on the power of speech is restored to you!"

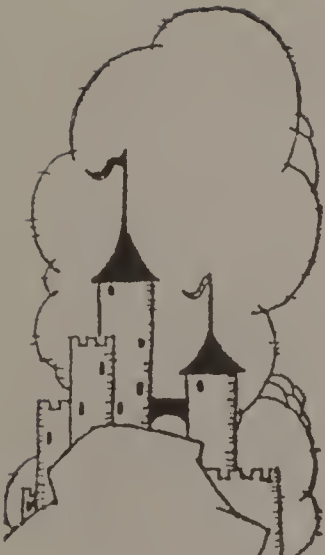
The happiness which then filled the prince and the princess may be imagined, but cannot be described. They lived happily together ever after, and from that time forward even the prince's mother was very fond of the beautiful young queen.



HIGHLAND MARY

*Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There summer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.*

*How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant share
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.*



*Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!*

*O pale, pale now, those rosy lips
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.*

ROBERT BURNS, 1759-1796.



THE BEST LOVED MARY OF THEM ALL

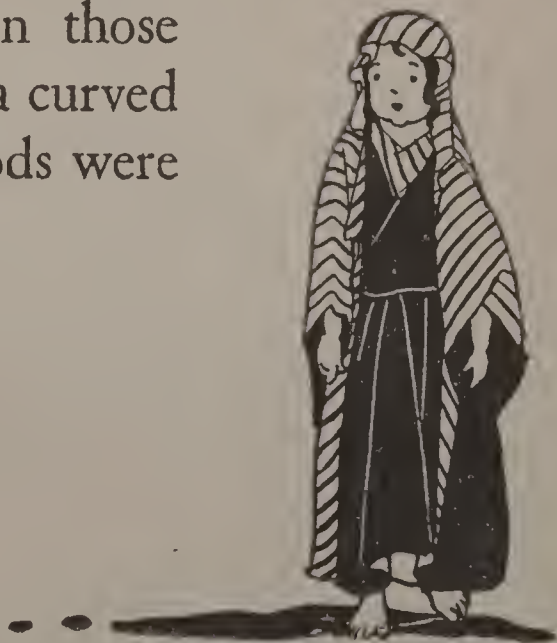
A VERY long time ago in a little village in a country far away there lived a shepherd named Joachim and his wife Anna. Joachim and Anna were both good people and were very rich. They owned big fields of grain and many cows, and large flocks of sheep and goats. But owning all these fine things did not make them very happy for they did not have the thing they wanted most of all; a little son or daughter of their own.

Both of them prayed often to God to send them a child, and finally their prayers were answered. A little girl was born to them and they named her Mary. They were so happy and grateful to God for letting them have what they had wanted most that they decided their little Mary should be taught to serve God.



When Mary was three years old, still only a baby, they took her to the temple so that she could begin to learn, along with other little girls, the things that God would like them to know. They learned to pray and to sing psalms. They were taught to spin and weave and embroider. And of all the little girls in the temple school, the daughter of Joachim and Anna was always the kindest and the happiest; she studied the hardest and spent much time in praying to God.

As the girls grew older the priest in the temple would send them back to their homes, telling them they were ready to marry and have families of their own. When Mary grew old enough and the high priest told her that she was ready to leave the temple she did not want to go. The priest did not know just what to do, so he asked God about it in prayers. God answered that all the men in the country who were ready to marry should come to the temple, each bringing his rod, for in those days all men carried a long stick with a curved handle. When the men came, their rods were



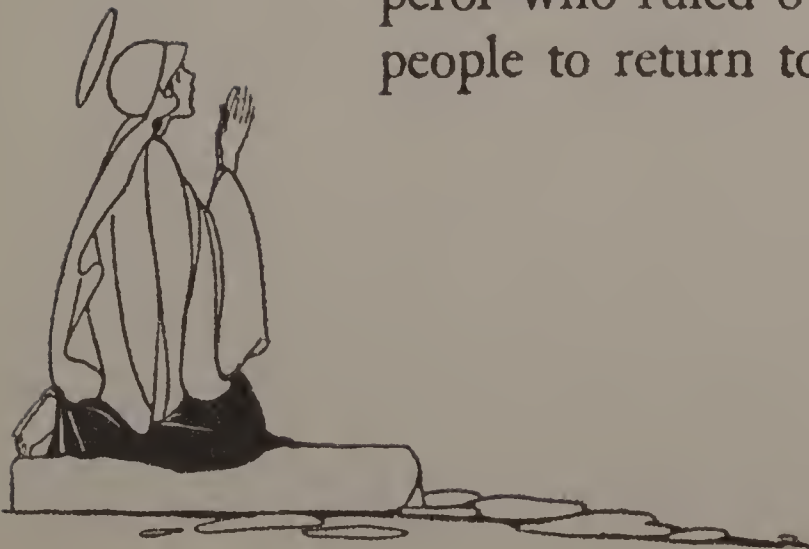
laid on the altar and in the morning the priest found that Joseph's rod had budded with leaves and pink flowers. They knew by this sign, then, that Joseph was the one chosen by God to be Mary's husband.

Not very long after this while Mary was busy spinning and weaving a new veil for the temple a wonderful visitor came to her. It was the angel Gabriel and he had come to bring her some beautiful news.

"Hail, Mary!" he said. "The Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women." And then he told her that she was to have a baby named Jesus, and that he was to be the king for whom the Jews had been waiting for hundreds of years.

It is hard to imagine how happy Mary must have been and how much she thought about the coming little baby Jesus who was to be her son.

As it happened, Mary's little son was not born in their home in Nazareth. The emperor who ruled over the land ordered all the people to return to their home towns to have

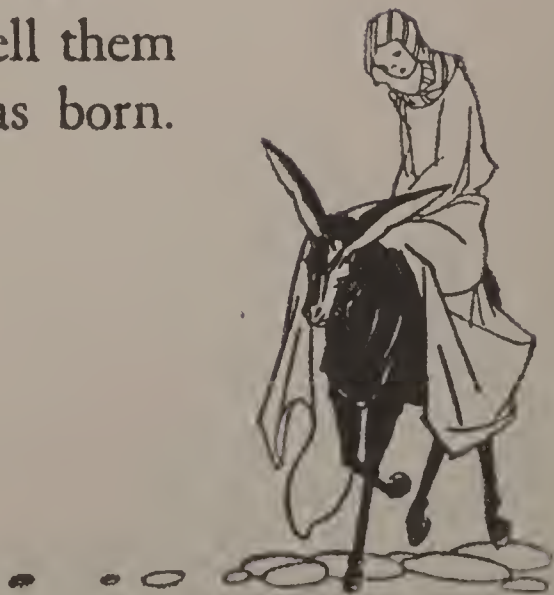


their names written down for the new taxes. Joseph belonged to a family that lived in the little town of Bethlehem, so he took Mary with him when he went to have his name put down in the tax books.

They came to Bethlehem in the evening and when they looked for a place to sleep they could not find any. So many other people had had to come back to the little town that there was not a single room left for Joseph and Mary. Mary was very tired after the journey, and had to have some place to rest. Finally Joseph persuaded the keeper of the little inn to let them have a place in the stable, where Mary could lie down on the straw.

And that night in the stable little Jesus was born. He was wrapped in the swaddling clothes that they put on tiny babies and laid in a manger.

Visitors came to see Jesus that first night. Some shepherds were watching their flocks of sheep on the hillsides not far from Bethlehem when a choir of angels came to tell them that Jesus, the King of the Jews, was born.



The shepherds came as fast as they could to Bethlehem where they found the stable and bowed down before the new little king lying in his manger.

There were other visitors, too. Three very wise old men had seen a new star in the East, and knew at once that it was the star of the new king. They followed the star for many miles until it brought them to Bethlehem and they, too, bowed before the baby Jesus. They brought him gifts, strange gifts for a baby, but gifts fit for a king. They brought gold, and incense, and myrrh.

Now, every Christmas time, we celebrate by giving gifts to others the gift God gave to us in the baby Jesus. And at Christmas, more than any other time during the year, we think about Mary, His mother, the best-loved Mary of them all.



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